Garland of Sacred Hymns



John Lord Hayes

COROLLA HYMNORUM SACRORUM

Being a Selection

OF

LATIN HYMNS

OF THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES

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THE EARLY AND MIDDLE AGES

TRANSLATED

By JOHN LORD HAYES, LL.D.

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PREFACE.

THE weaving of this little garland of sacred hymns was begun a year or two since as a diversion from the material and practical studies which have chiefly occupied the later years of my life, and has been recently resumed as a relief from a painful illness which has secluded me from my ordinary employments. The results of this diversion are given to the public for the very reason which at first inclined me to withhold them, — for on second thought it has seemed to me possible, that a layman and a student of material things, devoting his mind only in the later years of a long life to the study of religious poetry, might have a vividness of

conception of the spirit and purpose of sacred verse which early familiarity would have prevented, and might be less liable to fall into that commonplaceness which is so often found in modern hymns, and especially in the presumptuous mutilations to which the older English hymns have been subjected by modern compilers.

In my selection of hymns, which, with but two exceptions, are taken from the compilation of Dr. G. A. Koningsfeld, published at Bonn, in 1847, whose Latin text I have carefully followed, I have not attempted to indicate those which I regard as the best (although there are some of such surpassing excellence that they could be omitted from no collection), but rather to select those most characteristic in sentiment and spirit, as well as in metre and rhythm, — omitting some which I would gladly have given, because, as I frankly acknowledge, it is beyond my power,

under the limitations of our highly monosyllabic tongue, adequately to render them into English form, while preserving the measure and rhythm of the Latin models.

Though fully aware that the highest form of translation is that which renders a work in a foreign tongue into pure English, preserving the dominant thought without a too slavish following of the language of the original, I have had another distinct object in view quite inconsistent with this theory of translation. My object has been to convey to my readers as vividly as possible the impression made upon my own mind by the careful study of each hymn, of the devotion, sentiment, and even measure and rhythm of the original, intending that the translation should exhibit to the reader not merely English verse, but verse preserving in English form, as far as possible, all the Latin characteristics of the originals.

With this object the utmost literalness of translation has been aimed at, together with the preservation of the Latin measure and rhythm, which are not least among the sources of the pleasure which the mediæval hymns give us. I have therefore been compelled to violate the modern canon of English poetry which demands, as far as possible, the substitution of Anglo-Saxon words for those of Latin derivation. Not forgetting what Archbishop Trench has said, that "the worst and most offensive kind of bad English is that which disguises poverty of thought and lack of any real command over the language, by the use of big, hollow, lumbering Latin words," I remember what he has also said, on the other hand, with equal emphasis, — "the opportunities of writing a grand, sustained, stately English would not have been nearly so great but for the incoming of that multitude of noble words

which Latin, the stateliest of all languages, has lent us."

I am aware of less justifiable defects in my versions, if they are to be judged by the best standards of English poetry, such as an occasional imperfection in the rhyme, the repetition of the same word in successive lines, and the use of words of different meaning, but *idem sonantia*, to constitute the rhyme. All these are characteristic imperfections of the original models, and may be justified in translation by our extremely limited vocabulary of words corresponding in length and cadence with those in the Latin language.

The consideration last alluded to suggests the reason why, in my version of "Dies irae," I have departed from my general plan of preserving the measure and rhythm of the originals. In this case I have followed the example of Sir Walter Scott in his incomplete but majestic

version of that hymn, in rejecting the feminine measure, finding it impossible, under the restrictions of that measure, to give, with the literalness at which I aimed, the thought and language of that incomparable hymn. For the same reasons, in the latter part of my version of "Mundi Vanitas" the double rhymes are omitted.

I give these translations with all their imperfections to the public, because I know that from the necessity of the case no translation can be perfect, and because, encouraged by the lines of Phaedrus, —

> "Sua cuique cum sit animi cogitatio,
> Colorque proprius,"

I may hope, if not to shed new light, at least to throw some new tint or color of my own upon the pages of sacred verse which every succeeding century will delight to illuminate.

JOHN LORD HAYES.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
February 8, 1887.

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I.

De Gaudiis Paradisi.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

b. A.D. 354.

DE GAUDIIS PARADISI.

AD perennis vitae fontem
Mens sitivit arida;
Claustra carnis praesto frangi
Clausa quaerit anima:
Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur,
Exul frui patria.

Dum pressuris ac aerumnis
Se gemit obnoxiam,
Quam amisit, cum deliquit,
Contemplatur gloriam;
Praesens malum auget boni
Perditi memoriam.

THE JOYS OF PARADISE.

FOR the fount of life perennial
Panteth sore the thirsty heart;
Ever bonds of flesh to sever
Striveth our immortal part;
For its birthplace the soul yearneth
From its exile to depart.

In its trials and its sorrows
Mourns the soul its sinful way;
Of the glories lost through error
Contemplates the bright array;
Present ill the grief enhances
For the pleasures past away.

Nam quis promat summae pacis
Quanta sit laetitia?
Ubi vivis margaritis
Surgunt aedificia;
Auro celsa micant tecta,
Radiant sublimia.

Solis gemmis preciocis
Haec structura nectitur;
Auro mundo, tanquam vitro,
Urbis via sternitur;
Abest limus, deest fimus,
Lues nulla cernitur.

Hiems horrens, aestas torrens
Illic nunquam saeviunt;
Flos perpetuus rosarum,
Ver agit perpetuum;
Candent lilia, rubescit
Crocus, sudat balsamum.

Who can of the mansions peaceful
Picture the supreme delight?—
Where uprise the lofty structures
All with living pearls bedight;
Where the roofs all golden glitter
Radiant in the heavenly light.

Bright with precious gems and jewels
The celestial domes arise;
And the golden pavement splendid
With the glittering crystal vies;
Absent mud and dust polluting,
Nothing foul the eye descries.

Winter horrid, summer ardent,
There their terrors never bring;
Roses blooming without ceasing
Flourish in perpetual spring;
Pales the lily, blooms the crocus,
Balsams wide their perfumes fling.

Virent prata, vernant sata,
Rivi mellis influunt;
Pigmentorum spirat odor,
Liquor et aromatum;
Pendent poma floridorum
Non lapsura nemorum.

Luna non alternat vices,
Sol vel cursus siderum:
Agnus est felicis urbis
Lumen inocciduum;
Nox et tempus desunt ei,
Diem fert continuum.

Nam et sancti quique velut
Sol praeclarus rutilant;
Post triumphum coronati
Mutuo coniubilant,
Et prostrati pugnas hostis
Iam secure numerant.

Through green pastures, verdant meadows,
Rivers all with honey flow;
Zephyrs breathing healing fragrance
Aromatic odors blow;
Golden apples never falling
In the blushing orchards grow.

There no moon its courses changing,
Sun and stars there never shine,
For of the immortal city
Stands the Lamb, the light divine;
Night and time are ever wanting,
Reigns continuous day benign.

All the saints in heaven abiding
Like the lustrous sun are bright;
Laurel-crownéd after triumph,
They in jubilee unite;
Conquests over prostrate foemen
With security recite.

Omni labe defaecati
Carnis bella nesciunt,
Caro facta spiritualis
Et mens unum sentiunt;
Pace multa perfruentes
Scandala non perferunt.

Mutabilibus exuti
Repetunt originem,
Et praesenten veritatis
Contemplantur speciem,
Fontis hinc vivi vitalem
Hauriunt dulcedinem.

Inde statum semper idem
Exeuntes capiunt;
Clari, vividi, jucundi
Nullis peccant casibus:
Absunt morbi semper sanis,
Senectus juvenibus.

Purged from all of earth's pollution,
They no carnal conflict know;
Flesh exalted into spirit,
Hearts together interflow;
They, in higher joys abounding,
No temptations undergo.

They, exempt from mortal changes,
Seek the source of Truth divine,
Contemplate its present teachings,
And its attributes define, —
Drinking in the vital sweetness
Of the font of life benign.

Always the same state enjoying,
Coming, going, they remain
Vivid, clear in mind, and happy,
Sin attacking them in vain;
Age unto the young ne'er cometh,
Nor diseases to the sane.

Hinc perenne tenent esse,
Nam transire transiit;
Inde virent, vigent florent,
Corruptela corruit:
Immortalitatis vigor
Mortis jus absorbuit.

Qui Scientem cuncta sciunt,
Quid nescire hi queunt?
Nam et pectoris arcana
Penetrant alterutrum;
Unum volunt, unum nolunt,
Unitas est mentium.

Licet, cuiquam sit diversum
Pro labore meritum.
Charitas hoc facit suum
Quod, dum amat alterum,
Proprium sic singulorum
Fit commune omnium.

Hence their being is perennial;
For the transient, — it hath flown;
Hence they grow, and bloom and flourish,
The corruptible hath gone;
And the vigor of th' immortal
Hath the claims of death o'erthrown.

They who know the one all knowing,
What can they e'er fail to know?
For the secrets of each bosom
Into hearts of others flow;
One in willing, and not willing,
Into one hearts separate grow.

Though the merit may be díverse
Of the labor each hath done,
Love hath made each one partaker
Of the prizes each hath won;
Each his own, yet all, retaining,
Their community is one.

Ubi corpus illic jure
Congregantur aquilae ;
Quo cum angelis et sanctae
Recreantur animae,
Uno pane vivunt omnes
Utriusque patriae.

Avidi et semper pleni
Habent, quod desiderant ;
Non satietas fastidit,
Neque fames cruciat :
Inhiantes semper edunt,
Et edentes inhiant.

Novas semper harmonias
Vox jucunda concrepat,
Et in jubilum prolata
Mulcent aures organa,
Tigna, per quem sunt victores
Regi dant praeconia.

As where'er the body lieth
Eagles gather for the prey,
So th' assembled saints and angels
Are refreshed in their array;
All from every clime and country
With one bread their hunger stay.

Always full, yet always hungry,
They possess what they desire;
No satiety doth weary,
Hunger hath no wasting fire;
Ever eating, ever drinking,
They of no refreshment tire.

Aye of harmonies, new, joyful,
Pleasant voices give the sound,
And in jubilee exultant
Echoing organs praise resound,
Herald's voices, victory crying,
In the courts of Heaven rebound.

Felix coeli quae praesentem
Regem cernit anima,
Et sub sede spectat alta
Orbis volvi machinam :
Solem, lunam et globosa
Cum planetis sidera !

Christe, palma bellatorum,
Hoc in municipium
Introduc me, da soluto
Militare cingulum ;
Fac consortem donativi
Beatorum civium !

Praebes vires in infesto
Laboranti proelio,
Nec quietem post certamen
Deneges emerito,
Teque merear potiri
Sine fine praemio !

Happy is the soul discerning
In full presence heaven's high King,
Sees him from his throne exalted
The world's díverse changes ring,
Sees him sun, moon, stars, and planets
Into glorious order bring.

Christ, thou palm of hosts embattling,
Me into thy service bear!
Though discharged from martial duty
Let me still thy badges wear!
Of the largess thou awardest
Let me, happy subject, share!

Unto me in battle doubtful
Laboring, thy strength afford!
Let not claims for rest deserving
After conflict be ignored!
Joy with thee that I may merit
Be my infinite reward!

II.

Antidotum contra Tyrannidem Peccati.

SAINT AUGUSTINE.

ANTIDOTUM CONTRA TYRANNIDEM PECCATI.

QUID, tyranne! Quid minaris?
Quid usquam poenarum est,
Quidquid tandem machinaris:
Hoc amanti parum est.
Dulce mihi cruciari
Parva vis doloris est:
"Malo mori quam foedari!"
Major vis amoris est.

Para rogos, quamvis truces,
Et quiquid flagrorum est;
Adde ferrum, adde cruces:
Nil adhuc amanti est.
Dulce mihi cruciari,
Parva vis doloris est:
"Malo mori quam foedari!"
Major vis amoris est.

ANTIDOTE AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF SIN.

VAINLY, tyrant, thou dismayest
With thy menaces of pain;
Whatsoever thou essayest,
To me loving, pain is vain.
Sweet to me thy cruel torment,
Slight indeed the power of pain:
Better death than sin's defilement!
Love, sustaining, sootheth pain.

Bring the pyres and light the fuel!
Bring all instruments of pain:
Add swords piercing, crosses cruel, —
To me loving, pain is vain.
Sweet to me thy cruel torment,
Little is the power of pain:
Better death than sin's defilement!
Love, sustaining, mergeth pain.

Nimis blandus dolor ille!
Una mors, quam brevis est!
Cruciatus amo mille,
Omnis poena levis est.
    Dulce mihi sauciari,
    Parva vis doloris est:
    "Malo mori quam foedari!"
    Major vis amoris est.

All too merciful thy wounding !
Only death ! how brief its reign !
Let me suffer pains abounding,
To me loving, light is pain.
    Sweet to me thy cruel torment,
    Little is the power of pain :
    Better death than sin's defilement !
    Love, sustaining, endeth pain.

III.

Ecce jam Noctis.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

b. A. D. 550.

ECCE JAM NOCTIS.

ECCE jam noctis tenuatur umbra,
Lucis aurora rutilans corruscat,
Nisibus totis rogitemus omnes
Cuncti potentem.

Ut Deus noster miseratus omnem,
Pellat angorem, tribuat salutem,
Donet et nobis pietate patris
Regna polorum.

Praestet hoc nobis Deitas beata
Patris ac Nati pariterque Sancti
Spiritus, cujus reboat per omnem
Gloria mundum.

BEHOLD, THE DAY COMETH.

SEE through the shades of night the gloom declining,
Beams of the morning in the east are shining;
Let us, with all our hearts to prayer inclining,
Seek th' Almighty;

Pray that our pitying Lord, each grief expelling,
May give us health and strength, all harm repelling;
Pray that our Father's grace may give us dwelling
In realms of heaven.

Blest God, give this to us without our merit,
Thou, who art Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou, who art three in one, let earth inherit
Thy glory ever!

IV.

Veni, Sancte Spritus.

ROBERT, KING OF FRANCE.

b. A. D. 997.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

VENI sancte Spiritus
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tuae radium.
Veni pater pauperum,
Veni dator munerum,
Veni lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium :
In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY Spirit! hither come!
Light from thy celestial home
Be emitted to my heart!
Come thou patron of the low,
Thou whose gifts do overflow,
Heavenly light to me impart!

Thou consoler, greatest, best,
Of my soul the sweetest guest,
Its refreshment the most sweet;
To the toiling thou art rest,
To the burning, coolness blest,
To the weeping, solace meet!

O lux beatissima
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium !
Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava, quod est sordidum
Riga, quod est aridum,
Sana, quod est saucium ;
Flecte, quod est rigidum,
Fove, quod est frigidum,
Rege, quod est devium !

Da tuis fidelibus,
In te confitentibus,
Sacrum septenarium ;
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium !

Blessed light, benignant name,
With the radiance of thy flame
Fill thy faithful servant's heart !
If thy power did not sustain,
Naught in man would there remain,
Every blessing would depart.

Wash all that is foul away,
Water every arid way,
Heal whatever there is sore ;
Bend the rigid, warm the cold,
And the wanderers from thy fold
To their proper paths restore !

To the faithful, trusting thee,
Unto those confessing thee,
Be the seven-fold graces given ;
Give to virtue its reward ;
Happy end to me accord,
And perennial joy in heaven !

V.

Mundi Vanitas.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

b. A.D. 1091.

MUNDI VANITAS.

CUR mundus militat
 Sub vana gloria,
Cujus prosperitas
Est transitoria?

Tam cito labitur
Ejus potentia,
Quam vasa figuli,
Quae sunt fragilia.

Plus crede litteris,
Scriptis in glacie,
Quam mundi miseri
Vanae fallaciae.

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

WHY doth the worldling boast
With such vain levity,
All whose prosperity
Is of such brevity?

How quickly passeth by
All man's ability!
For like a vase of clay
Is its fragility.

Better trust words on snow,
For durability,
Than the world's fallacies, —
All vain futility.

Fallax in praemiis
Virtutis specie,
Qui nunquam habuit
Tempus fiduciae.

Credendum magis est
Viris veracibus,
Quam mundi miseris
Prosperitatibus.

Falsis in somniis
Et vanitatibus,
Falsis in studiis
Et voluptatibus.

Dic ubi Salomon,
Olim tam nobilis,
Vel ubi Samson est,
Dux invincibilis;

Specious in virtue's guise,
In truth unbelieving,
Passeth no hour of life
Without its deceiving.

Trust rather holy men
Strict in their verity,
Than the world's wretched slaves
Boasting prosperity —

False in their dreams of life,
All their aims vanity;
False in their fond desires,
All life inanity.

Where is great Solomon,
Once irresistible?
Where now is Samson strong,
Leader invincible?

Vel pulcher Absalon,
Vultu mirabilis,
Vel dulcis Jonathan,
Multum amabilis;

Quo Caesar abiit,
Celsus imperio,
Vel dives splendibus
Totus in prandio;

Dic, ubi Tullius,
Clarus eloquio,
Vel Aristoteles,
Summus ingenio?

Tot clari proceres,
Tot retro spatia,
Tot ora praesulum,
Tot regum fortia;

Or the fair Absalom,
Of face so beautiful?
Or the sweet Jonathan,
In friendship dutiful?

Where has proud Caesar gone,
Lofty, imperial?
Where feasting Dives proud
Of wealth material?

Where gifted Tullius,
Orator eloquent?
Where Aristotle sage
With genius redolent?

All these illustrious chiefs,
All things of ancient time,
Faces of leaders bold,
All acts of kings sublime;

Tot mundi principes,
Tanta potentia : —
In ictu oculi
Claudentur omnia !

Quam breve festum est
Haec mundi gloria,
Et umbra hominis
Sunt ejus gaudia !

O esca vermium,
O massa pulveris,
O roris vanitas,
Cur sic extolleris ?

Ignorans penitus,
Utrum cras vixeris :
Fac bonum omnibus,
Quam diu poteris !

All of earth's princes high, —
These all must take their flight;
All things beneath the sky
Vanish like flash of light.

How quick the festal hours,
How quick earth's glories fade!
All human joy is but
Vapor and fleeting shade.

O food of creeping worms!
O mass of crumbling clay!
O beauty's vanity!
Why boast your proud array?

Ignorant utterly
If thou canst live an hour,
Work all the good thou canst
While life doth give thee power.

Haec carnis gloria,
Quae magni penditur,
Sacris in litteris
Flos foeni dicitur.

Ut leve folium,
Quod vento rapitur:
Sic vita hominis
Luci subtrahitur.

Nil tuum dixeris,
Quod potes perdere,
Quod mundus tribuit,
Intendit rapere.

Superna cogita:
Cur sit in aethere
Felix, qui potuit
Mundum contemnere!

This glory of the flesh,
How little it concerns !
When by the sacred word
Flesh unto grass returns.

As the light falling leaf
Is by the wind upborne,
So is the life of man
From its deep roots uptorn.

Nothing regard thine own
Which can be ta'en away;
All that the world hath given
Lasts but a little day.

Think on eternity !
How in the heavenly birth
Can the blest happy be
Longing for things of earth ?

VI.

Omnis Mundi Creatura.

ALANUS INSULANUS.

b. A.D. 1114.

OMNIS MUNDI CREATURA.

OMNIS mundi creatura,
Quasi liber et pictura,
Nobis est et speculum
Nostrae vitae, nostrae mortis,
Nostri status, nostrae sortis
Fidele signaculum.

Nostrum statum pingit rosa,
Nostri status decens glosa,
Nostrae vitae lectio,
Quae dum primo mane floret,
Defloratus flos effloret
Vespertino senio.

ON EARTH DWELLING EVERY CREATURE.

ON earth dwelling every creature,
Like a poem or a picture,
Mirrors forth our mortal sphere :
Of our being, of our ending,
Of our conduct, of our tending,
Is a signet true and clear.

Our condition is depicted,
And the curse on all inflicted,
By the graceful rose's doom ;
With the blushing dawn it shineth,
But deflowered and stripped it pineth
In the hour of evening's gloom.

Sic aetatis ver humanae
Juventutis primo mane
Reflorescit paululum.
Mane tamen hoc excludit
Vitae vesper, dum concludit
Vitale crepusculum.

Cujus decor dum perorat,
Ejus decus mox deflorat
Aetas, in qua defluit.
Fit flos foenum, gemma lutum,
Homo cinis, dum tributum,
Homo morti tribuit.

Ergo clausum sub hac lege
Statum tuum, homo, lege,
Tuum esse respice !
Quid fuisti nasciturus,
Quid sis praesens, quid futurus,
Diligenter inspice.

Youth, the springtime of man's being,
In the morn, how swiftly fleeing !
Flourishes its little day ;
But the morn the night excludeth,
And the span of life concludeth,
As the twilight fades away.

While youth boasts its joys exhaustless,
Cometh on old age remorseless,
To deflower its vanity.
To dust the flower, to clay the jewel,
To ashes man, all come, while cruel
Death exacts its penalty.

Therefore, man, thy state recorded
Read, in lesson briefly worded,
Thine hereafter look upon !
Why wert thou to live created,
Present, future, how related,
Diligently think thereon !

Luge poenam, culpam plange,
Motus fraena, fastum frange,
Pone supercilia.
Mentis rector at auriga
Mentem rege, fluxus riga,
Ne fluant in devia.

Mourn each sin and fault prevailing,
Rule thy actions, cure each failing,
Cast thy boastful pride away.
Be of thine own mind the ruler,
Of its impulses controller,
Lest they carry thee astray.

VII.

Vita Nostra plena Bellis.

ALANUS INSULANUS.

VITA NOSTRA PLENA BELLIS.[1]

VITA nostra plena bellis :
Inter hostes, inter arma
More belli vivitur,
Murmur usque tympanorum,
Clangor atque buccinarum
Nos ad arma provocant.

Nulla lux it absque pugna,
Nulla nox it absque luctu,
Et salutis alea.
Mille mundus tela spargit,
Et Cupido mille tela,
Mille tela tartarus.

[1] Dr. Koningsfeld gives in his collection two forms of this hymn, attributing both to Alanus Insulanus. I have selected the one which seemed to me the most spirited. — Ed.

MORTAL LIFE IS FULL OF BATTLE.

MORTAL life is full of battle,
Mid the hosts, amid arms' rattle,
In war's tumult all must live ;
And the rolling of the drumbeats,
And the clangor of the trumpets
Summons to life's combat give.

Battle dims the light of morning,
Night is dark with direful warning,
Boding risks of dangers fell,
Earth a thousand arrows lances,
Cupid's shafts with fatal chances,
And darts thousand, come from hell.

Sed timoris omnis expers,
Stabo firmus inter arma,
Nec timebo vulnera :
Audiatur arcus usque,
Perque nubium plateas
Tela mille concidant.

Nec morabor hostis iras,
Non timebo publicasve,
Callidasve machinas :
Scit juvare, vult juvare,
Optimusque, maximusque
Imperator aetheris.

Ecce ! coeli lapsus arcu
Atque spissa nube tectus
Rector ipse siderum :
Ille pro me sternit hostes,
Eminusque, cominusque,
Ut clientem, protegit.

Mindless of all fears surrounding,
From the arrows all abounding
I shall never suffer wound.
With the arch of heaven extending,
And celestial grace defending,
Vainly fall the darts around.

Fear I not the foe's connivance,
Nor his deadliest contrivance
Plain or secret though it be :
For as helper One all knowing,
Greatest, best, with grace o'erflowing
The King ethereal comes to me.

Lo ! from arch of heaven descended,
By the radiant clouds attended,
The celestial Ruler stands ;
He for me the slayer slayeth,
And he, near or distant, stayeth
O'er my head his sheltering hands.

Contra saevos mentis hostes
Proeliantem me tuetur,
Bella pro me suscipit;
Detonando, fulminando,
In maligno mentis hostes
Ejus ira saeviet.

Franget arcus et sagittas,
Ignibusque sempiternis
Arma tradet hostium;
Nec recedit ex arena,
Antequam subactus hostis
Pone plantas occidat.

Tunc ovabo laureatus,
Tunc "Io perenne" dicet
Angelorum buccina;
His triumphis, his coronis,
Indolebit, ingemiscet
Hostium protervia.

'Gainst my inmost foes contending,
He doth stand a tower defending,
Fights my battles with his sword.
Tempest blast and dreadful thunder,
Rending enemies asunder, —
These the utterings of his word.

He shall break with fires supernal,
And with lightnings, fierce, eternal,
Every hostile warrior's bow;
Ne'er from battlefield retreating,
He, victorious and defeating,
His opposers shall lay low.

Laurel-crowned I make ovation,
Angel trumps in resonation
Pæans shall forever cry;
While their triumphs lost bewailing
With lamentings unavailing
Hosts infernal prostrate lie.

VIII.

Eia Phoebe nunc Serena.

INNOCENT III.

b. A. D. 1216.

EIA, PHOEBE! NUNC SERENA.

EIA, Phoebe ! nunc serena
Luce pinge faciem :
Victrix redit ab arena,
Bellidux post aciem :
Stygias Judith
Phalanges fudit,
Maria, terror hostium,
Et serpentem
Invidentem
Pressit rectrix coelitum.

Surge, victrix ! et angusta
Terrae linque spatia :
Eleva te ad augusta
Coelorum palatia !

ALL HAIL, PHŒBE!

ALL hail, Phœbe! now serenely
Gild thy face with radiant light:
Cometh now the victress queenly,
Conquering from the field of fight;
Like Judith routing
Stygian hosts shouting,
Mary, filling foes with fright,
The snake hateful,
The fiend fateful,
Vanquishes by heavenly might.

Rise victorious! through the spaces
Of earth narrow lift thy voice:
Lift it to the august places
Where angelic choirs rejoice!

Tot proeliorum,
Tot meritorum
Parata sume praemia:
Tibi, mater,
Nati pater
Digna ferat gaudia.

Cinge currum triumphalem,
Coelitum militia!
Duc ad coelos hanc ovalem
Pompam cum laetitia!
Lauros inflecte,
Coronas necte;
Da rosas, sparge lilia:
Nam regina
Nunc, divina
Haec subibit atria.

Festos ignes excitate,
O ardores, Seraphim!

Thou in wars serving,
Glory deserving,
Take the prize for thee declared!
For thee, Mother,
There are other
Worthy joys by God prepared.

Gird the chariot triumphal,
Soldiers in divine employ!
Lead to heaven the pageant royal!
Follow it with shouts of joy!
Laurels combining,
Coronets twining,
Roses scatter, lilies wave;
For she queenly
All serenely
Rises from the darksome grave.

Kindle ye your festal fires,
O, ye burning Seraphim!

Dulces hymnos personate,
O mellite Cherubim !
    " Io triumphe ! "
    Dux paranymphe,
Gabriel, laetus praecine !
    Haec est verbi
    Nunciati
Mater, hanc suscipite !

Surge, Jesu ! in occursum
Matri tende brachia,
Et ad patrem refer sursum
Casta inter basia !
    Fili ! felices
    Repende vices,
Quae te lactavit, virgini :
    Ad paratum,
    Ad beatum
Duc hanc decus imperii.

Wake and sound your hymnal choirs,
O ye honeyed Cherubim!
    Heaven's bands instructing,
    Heaven's choirs conducting,
Gabriel, sound exultingly!
    She of spoken
    Word the token, —
Welcome her triumphantly!

Come, O Jesus, for the meeting
Of thy Mother stretch thine arms!
And unto the Father greeting
Show the chaste maternal charms!
    Son, returns loyal,
    Recompense royal,
Pay to her who nourished thee!
    To th' appointed
    And anointed
Let imperial honors be.

Diva trias personarum,
Da coronam gloriae !
Praebe sceptrum auro clarum
Reginae victoriae !
    " Io, ter io "
    Regina ! pio
Consalutemus cantico :
    Gratulamur,
    Veneramur
Tanto digno solio.

Nunc e terris semper ave,
O Regina ! subditis :
Nunc a coelis semper fare
Nobis usque miseris.
    Fortis bellona
    Clemens patrona !
Nos tuere servulos.
    O Maria,
    Mater pia,
Post te trahe filios.

God, the trinity combining,
Coronets of glory give!
Give the golden sceptre shining
To the Queen with thee to live!
    To thee prevailing,
    We gladly hailing,
Canticles of worship sing;
    Gratulation,
    Veneration,
To the Queen victorious bring.

Now from earth supine and lowly
To thee, Queen, we lift our praise;
Now to heaven sublime and holy
Us the wretched, upward raise!
    Patron defending
    From ills impending
Aid, protect those serving thee:
    Thou, O Mary,
    With care wary,
Draw thy children after thee!

IX.

Recordare Sanctae Crucis.

BONAVENTURA.

b. A. D. 1221.

RECORDARE SANCTAE CRUCIS.

RECORDARE sanctae crucis,
Qui perfectam viam ducis
Delectare jugiter.
Sanctae crucis recordare,
Et in ipsa meditare
Insatiabiliter.

Quum quiescas aut laboras,
Quando rides, quando ploras,
Doles sive gaudeas;
Quando vadis, quando venis,
In solatiis, in poenis
Crucem corde teneas.

REMEMBER THE HOLY CROSS.

THOU on perfect way befalling,
And the sacred cross recalling,
Livest in supreme delight;
On the cross forever thinking,
Be its lessons ever sinking
In thy heart from morn till night!

When thou toilest or reclinest,
Laughest or in sorrow pinest,
Whether thou hast bliss or pain,
When thou walkest, when thou runnest,
Solace seekest, or pain shunnest,
On thy heart the cross retain!

Crux in omnibus pressuris,
Et in gravibus et duris
Est totum remedium.
Crux in poenis et tormentis
Est dulcedo piae mentis,
Et verum refugium.

Crux est porta paradisi,
In qua sancti sunt confisi,
Qui vicerunt omnia.
Crux est mundi medicina,
Per quam bonitas divina
Facit mirabilia.

Crux est salus animarum,
Verum lumen et praeclarum
Et dulcedo cordium.
Crux est vita beatorum,
Et thesaurus perfectorum,
Et decor et gaudium.

In all trials sore surrounding,
And in miseries abounding,
Find the cross a perfect cure !
When we faint in pain and anguish,
When with weariness we languish,
Stands the cross a refuge sure !

Stands the cross, of heaven the portal,
Through which pass the saints immortal
Who have conquered all below.
The cross is th' elixir precious
Through which God supreme and gracious
Makes his healing mercies flow.

Find the cross the soul's salvation,
True and clear illumination,
It is sweetness, it is light ;
Life it is with benediction,
Treasury of all perfection,
Honor, glory, and delight.

Crux est speculum virtutis,
Gloriosae dux salutis,
Cuncta spes fidelium.
Crux est decus salvandorum,
Et solatium eorum
Atque desiderium.

Crux est arbor decorata,
Christi sanguine sacrata,
Cunctis plena fructibus,
Quibus animae eruuntur,
Cum supernis nutriuntur
Cibis in coelestibus.

Crucifixe ! fac me fortem,
Ut libenter tuam mortem
Plangam, donec vixero,
Tecum volo vulnerari,
Te libenter amplexari
In cruce desidero.

In the cross see virtue's mirror,
In the cross safe guide from error,
Without which would hope expire.
Ye distrustful of salvation,
In the cross find consolation,
The fulfilment of desire.

See the cross, the tree embellished,
Which by blood of Christ is cherished;
Full of every fruit it stands
With which hungry souls are nourished,
And in heavenly soil has flourished,
Food for the celestial bands.

Crucified! make me enduring,
For thy death my grief assuring;
Make me weep till I expire!
That with thee I may be wounded,
By thy presence be surrounded,
Through the cross is my desire.

X.

O Esca Viatorum.

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS.

b. A.D. 1224.

O ESCA VIATORUM.

O ESCA viatorum!
O panis angelorum!
O manna coelitum!
Esurientes ciba,
Dulcedine non priva
Corda quaerentium.

O lympha, fons amoris!
Qui puro Salvatoris
E corde profluis:
Te sitientes pota!
Haec sola nostra vota,
His una sufficis!

O FOOD OF PILGRIMS LOWLY!

O FOOD of pilgrims lowly!
O bread of angels holy!
O manna heavenly!
Thou with refreshment fillest,
And with contentment stillest,
Hearts fainting wearily.

O font of love o'erflowing!
O stream forever growing!
Issuing from Christ's own breast:
Let us thy waters drinking,
With thirst and hunger sinking,
Weary through them find rest.

O Jesu, tuum vultum,
Quem colimus occultum
Sub panis specie :
Fac, ut remoto velo
Glorioso in coelo
Cernamus acie !

Jesus, thy face concealéd,
As by thy word revealéd,
In form of bread we see :
Grant that the veil uplifted,
We, with glad vision gifted,
May see thee openly !

XI.

Dies Irae.

THOMAS À CELANO.

b. A.D. 1250.

DIES IRAE.

DIES irae, dies illa
Solvet saeclum in favilla:
Teste David cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulcra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

DAY OF DOOM.

THAT day of doom and dread amaze,
The earth dissolved, the heavens ablaze,
Foreseen by seer's and Sybil's gaze.

Then what the trembling and the fear,
When the great Judge approaches near,
All deeds of darkness to make clear!

Waked by the trumpet's wondrous sound,
From every grave beneath the ground,
The mighty hosts the throne surround.

'Mid nature's stupor, death's surprise,
Each creature, wheresoe'er he lies,
At the dread summons shall arise.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit:
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus!
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendae majestatis!
Qui salvandos salvas gratis:
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie!
Quod sum causa tuae viae,
Ne me perdas illa die!

Then shall the awful scroll be spread,
From which recorded shall be read
Judgment upon the risen dead.

Each must at that tribunal's seat
The secrets of his sins repeat,
And retribution sure must meet.

How shall I, sinner, then endure?
What safety can for me enure,
When scarcely are the just secure?

Of awful majesty, O King,
Through grace to me salvation bring,
Thou from whose source all mercies spring!

Remember, Jesus, thee I pray,
For me was trod thine earthly way,
Lest thou destroy me in that day!

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus !

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis !

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus :
Supplicanti parce, Deus !

Qui Mariam absolvisti :
Qui latronem exaudisti :
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed tu, bone ! fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Thy pain was my redemption's cost,
For me the gulf of death was crossed :
Let not such agony be lost !

Justly deserving final doom,
For hope of pardon give me room,
And on thy grace let me presume !

Condemned and guilty though I groan,
And blushing my transgressions own,
I, suppliant, turn to thee alone.

As thou didst Magdalen forgive,
And pitying bid'st the robber live,
To me the hope of mercy give !

I pray, though prayer but gives me shame,
I call on thy benignant name,
Let me not burn in endless flame !

Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab hoedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis :
Voca me cum benedictis !

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum, quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis !

Lacrymosa dies illa !
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus :
Huic ergo parce Deus !

Jesu, pie domine :
Dona eis requiem !
Amen.

From the vile goats, oh, me withhold,
With the blest sheep may I be told,
And on thy right hand be enrolled.

From penalties of sins confessed,
From flames and torture let me rest,
And number me among the blest!

Prostrate and in the dust I bend
With contrite heart, in mercy lend
Thy care sustaining in life's end!

Upon that day of fear and gloom,
When man is summoned from the tomb,
And judgment o'er his head doth loom,
Spare thou, oh spare, the sinner's doom!

Jesus, master, with submission,
I implore thee, grant remission!
Amen.

XII.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa.

JACOPONUS.

b. A.D. 1306.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

STABAT mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius :
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti !
Quae moerebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, dum videbat
Nati poenas inclyti.

STOOD THE GRIEF-STRUCK MOTHER WEEPING.

STOOD the grief-struck Mother weeping,
At the cross her vigil keeping,
Where her suffering Son was bound;
And her heart with anguish groaning,
And his agony bemoaning,
Bleeds with every bleeding wound.

Oh, what sorrow and affliction,
She, the font of benediction,
Bore for her belovéd Son!
With what grief and what bewailing
And what trembling and heart-failing,
Looked she on the martyred One!

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret
In tanto supplicio!
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari,
Dolentem cum filio?

Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum!
Vidit dulcem suum natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia mater, fons amoris!
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam!
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum,
In amando Christum deum,
Ut tibi complaceam!

Who could hold his tears from flowing
For Christ's stricken mother, knowing
All her misery and pain?
Who withhold his lamentation,
In the mournful contemplation
Of her grieving for the Slain?

She for sinners' sure salvation
Saw her Son in condemnation,
Whipped with scourges, led to death!
Saw him without consolation,
In despair and desolation,
Utter his expiring breath.

Thou, O mother! love bestowing!
Make me, with thy grief o'erflowing,
Make me mourn and weep with thee!
Fill my heart with love all burning,
Unto Christ his love returning,
That thy blessing fall on me.

Sancta Mater! istud agas:
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide;
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati, pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide!

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero!
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare
In planctu desidero!

Virgo virginum praeclara!
Mihi jam non sis amara:
Fac me tecum plangere;
Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

Holy mother! by thy favor
May the wounds of Christ forever
Be engraven on my heart;
Of his suffering and wounding
May I, through thy grace abounding,
Though unworthy, bear a part.

Make my tears to thee consoling;
With the crucifix condoling
May I weep till life shall end!
Near the cross give me my station
And with thee association,
That my griefs with thine may blend!

Virgin o'er all virgins shining!
Let thy grace have no declining;
Make me always with thee mourn;
Let Christ's suffering and ending
And the passion his soul rending
In my heart of hearts be borne!

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Et cruore filii :
Flammis ne urar accensus,
Per te, virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii !

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi praemuniri,
Confoveri gratia !
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac, ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria !

With his wounds may I be sinking,
Of his cup may I be drinking,
With his blood inebriate be !
Lest by flames I be consuméd
And in day of judgment dooméd,
Virgin blest, I call on thee !

By the cross may I be guarded,
By Christ's death from danger warded,
Through his grace that open lies !
When my dust to dust is given,
And my soul its bonds hath riven,
Give me place in Paradise !

XIII.

Congregavit Deus Aquas.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.[1]

[1] Of the Hymns which follow, in use in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries (and before), the authors are unknown.

CONGREGAVIT DEUS AQUAS.

CONGREGAVIT Deus aquas,
        Sacro spiritu afflatas,
Et vocavit Maria :
Ego aquas calidarum
Congregabo lacrymarum,
Et vocabo Mariam :
        " O, Maria !
Semper dulcis, semper pia ! "

Inter tristes cordis luctus :
Ite fontes, ite fluctus,
Sacro tacto flamine !

GOD THE FLOODS IN CONGREGATION.

GOD the floods in congregation
Gathered by divine afflation,
And together called the seas:
I, hot tears in rivers pouring,
Gather into floods, imploring
Thee, O Mary, on my knees,
"O, Maria!
Semper dulcis, semper pia."

In my sorrow and heart-grieving
Join ye founts and billows heaving,
By the breath divine uptossed!

Ite noctes, ite dies!
Nulla sit pupillis quies
Naufragantis animae!
"O, Maria!
Semper dulcis, semper pia!"

Omnes rivi cursim fluunt,
Et in sinum maris ruunt:
Mare hinc non effluit;
Ad Mariam, tanquam mare,
Peccatores currunt, quare?
Quia nullum respuit.
"O, Maria!
Semper dulcis, semper pia!"

Si te culpae labes tangit,
Aut gehennae metus angit,
Mentem non dejicies!

Join ye mornings and ye nightfalls !
Ne'er from weeping rest the eyeballs
Of the soul in shipwreck lost !
"O, Maria !
Semper dulcis, semper pia."

All the rivers from their sources
Ever seaward run their courses,
But ne'er backward flows the main :
Seeking Mary in devotion,
As the rivers seek the ocean,
Sinners never seek in vain.
"O, Maria !
Semper dulcis, semper pia."

If the shame of guilt depress thee
Or the fear of hell possess thee,
Let thy soul be not cast down !

Habes evadendi viam :
Curre tantum ad Mariam !
Haec te non despiciet.
    " O, Maria !
Semper dulcis, semper pia ! "

Si ventorum murmur fremit,
Tempestatum furor premit
Cymbam inter scopulos :
Ecce ! maris stella lucet,
Cymbam haec in portum ducet :
In hanc verte oculos !
    " O, Maria !
Semper dulcis, semper pia ! "

Maris stella est Maria,
Quae te certa ducit via :
Stellam maris invoca !

Thou the path of danger shunnest
When to Mary's arms thou runnest,
Fearing no repelling frown.
"O, Maria !
Semper dulcis, semper pia !"

If thy bark the winds engaging,
And the tempests fierce and raging,
On the rocks o'erwhelméd lies,
Lo ! the Star of ocean shineth,
To the port thy bark inclineth,
Starward turn thy tearful eyes !
"O, Maria !
Semper dulcis, semper pia !"

Mary is the star abiding,
Through the gloom of ocean guiding :
Oh invoke that guiding star !

Inter tribulationum
Fluctus et tentationum
Hoc celeusma insona :
 " O, Maria !
Semper dulcis, semper pia ! "

Ergo parce, O Maria !
Parce servo, mater pia,
Si ad te clamaverit !
Non recordor me audisse,
Quenquam te deseruisse ;
Qui te invocaverit :
 " O, Maria !
Semper dulcis, semper pia ! "

In the waves of tribulation,
Mid the billows of temptation,
To that beacon look afar!
"O, Maria!
Semper dulcis, semper pia!"

Mary, therefore, be not sparing
Of thy grace to me declaring
Adoration unto thee;
Be it not in vain asserted,
That thou never hast deserted
One invoking trustingly!
"O, Maria!
Semper dulcis, semper pia!"

XIV.

Pone Luctum, Magdalena.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

PONE LUCTUM, MAGDALENA.

PONE luctum, Magdalena!
Et serena lacrymas:
Jam non est Simonis coena,
Non, cur fletum exprimas:
Causae mille sunt laetandi,
Causae mille exultandi:
Halleluia!

Sume risum, Magdalena!
Frons nitescat lucida;
Demigravit omnis poena,
Lux revertit fulgida:

LAY ASIDE THY GRIEVOUS MOURNING.

LAY aside thy grievous mourning!
Magdalen, assuage thy tears!
The sad past is not returning,
Without reason are thy fears:
Causes thousand for rejoicing,
Thousands are for praises voicing.
Halleluia!

Magdalen, thy smiles resuming,
Gladness beam upon thy brow!
Banished every pain consuming,
Light celestial reigneth now.

Christus mundum liberavit,
Et de morte triumphavit!
Halleluia!

Gaude, plaude, Magdalena!
Ex sepulcro rediit:
Tristis est peracta scena:
Tumba Christus exiit!
Quem deflebas morientem,
Nunc arride resurgentem!
Halleluia!

Tolle vultum, Magdalena!
Redivivum aspice:
Vide, frons quam sit amoena,
Quinque plagas inspice:
Fulgent, en, ut margaritae,
Ornamenta novae vitae.
Halleluia!

Christ hath freed the world from sorrow,
And will give immortal morrow.
Halleluia !

Magdalen ! O rise exultant !
From the grave hath Christ arisen,
O'er the last sad scene triumphant
Christ hath burst the tomb's dark prison :
Whom thou mournest as one dying,
Smile, and see him heavenward flying !
Halleluia !

Magdalen, thy face with gladness
Lift, and see him glorified !
See, that brow how free from sadness,
Wounds in hands and feet and side, —
See them like fair pearls embellish
New life which no more shall perish.
Halleluia !

Vive, vive, Magdalena !
Tua lux reversa est :
Gaudiis turgescat vena :
Mortis vis eversa est !
Moesti procul sunt dolores :
Laeti redeant amores !
Halleluia !

Magdalen, thine, life eternal!
Thou the torch inverted turn!
Swell thy veins with joys supernal;
Be the power of death o'erborne;
Banished be all earthly sorrow;
Love celestial, thine, to-morrow.
Halleluia!

XV.

Omni Die.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

OMNI DIE.

OMNI die
Dic Mariae,
Mea, laudes, anima!
Ejus gesta,
Ejus festa
Cole devotissima.

Contemplare
Et mirare
Ejus celsitudinem:
Dic felicem
Genitricem,
Dic beatam virginem.

OFFER DAILY.

OFFER daily
Unto Mary
Benediction, O my soul!
Her deeds holy,
In life lowly,
Most devotedly enroll!

Contemplation,
Admiration,
To her life exalted bring!
To the mother
Like no other,
The blest virgin, praises ring!

Ipsam cole,
Ut de mole
Criminum te liberet:
Hanc appella,
Ne procella
Vitiorum superet.

Haec persona
Nobis dona
Contulit coelestia:
Haec regina
Nos divina
Illustravit gratia.

Lingua mea
Dic trophaea
Virgini puerperae!
Quae inflictum
Maledictum
Miro transfert germine.

Worship give her
To deliver
Thee from penalties of sin ;
On her calling,
Vice enthralling
Shall no victory o'er thee win.

Us terrestrial
She celestial
With her benefits endows ;
And she royal,
On us loyal,
Gifts of grace divine bestows.

Voices sounding,
Praise resounding,
To the virgin mother pour !
Who th' inflicted
Curse predicted
Through her wondrous offspring bore.

Sine fine
Dic reginae
Mundi laudum cantica !
Ejus bona
Semper sona,
Semper illa praedica !

Omnes mei
Sensus, ei
Personate gloriam :
Frequentate
Tam beatae
Virginis memoriam !

Nullus certe
Tam desertae
Exstat eloquentiae :
Qui condignos
Promat hymnos
Ejus excellentiae.

Unrefraining,
To her reigning,
Canticles of praises bring!
Her abounding
Goodness sounding,
Let thy voice forever sing!

All my being,
Senses, feeling,
Her high glory personate!
While reviewing,
And renewing,
Memories of her blessed state.

No one truly,
Can with duly
Uttered voice and eloquence,
Hymnals offer,
Praises proffer,
Worthy of her excellence.

Omnes laudent,
Unde gaudent
Matrem dei virginem :
Nullus fingat,
Ut attingat
Ejus celsitudinem !

Sed necesse,
Quod prodesse
Piis constat mentibus : —
Ut intendam ;
Quod impendam
Me ipsius laudibus.

Quamvis sciam,
Quod Mariam
Nemo digne praedicet :
Tamen vanus
Et insanus
Est, qui illam reticet.

All, praise voicing
Have rejoicing
In the virgin mother's might;
No one feigneth
Nor attaineth
Her celestial grace's height!

It is needing
That my pleading
Offered be with pious heart,
That applying,
Self denying,
I, in praise may bear my part.

Though a witness
That a fitness
For her worship none may claim,
Yet I vainly
And insanely
Act, invoking not her name.

Cujus vita,
Erudita
Disciplina coelica,
Argumenta
Et figmenta
Destruxit haeretica.

Hujus mores,
Tamquam flores
Exornant Ecclesiam :
Actiones
Et sermones
Miram praestant gratiam.

Evae crimen
Nobis limen
Paradisi clauserat :
Haec, dum credit
Et obedit,
Coeli claustra reserat.

She instructed
And inducted,
In the lore divinely taught,
Brings confusion
To delusion
Which the heretic hath brought.

Her behavior,
Like a savor
Of sweet flowers, the Church perfumes;
Deeds resplendent,
Words transcendent,—
All their light the Church illumes.

Eve's transgression
Our accession
Into Paradise forbade:
Her believing,
And receiving,
Heavenly gates are open laid.

Propter Evam
Homo saevam
Accepit sententiam :
Per Mariam
Habet viam,
Quae ducit ad patriam.

Haec amanda
Et laudanda
Cunctis specialiter :
Venerari
Et precari
Eam decet jugiter.

Ipsa donet
Ut, quod monet
Natus ejus, faciam,
Ut, finita
Carnis vita,
Laetus hunc aspiciam !

Eve's temptation
Condemnation
Brought upon the human race :
Mary gracious
Way most spacious
Opens to the heavenly place.

Then be lauded,
And applauded,
Mary, o'er all others blest !
Veneration,
Adoration,
In our hearts forever rest !

By her giving,
I, while living,
Will the word of Christ embrace,
That, life ended,
By grace tended,
Joyful I may see his face.

XVI.

Ite Noctes, ite Nubes.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

ITE NOCTES, ITE NUBES.

ITE noctes, ite nubes,
Ite, moesta sidera!
Plaude coelum, plaude terra,
Loca plaudant infera.
Plaudat aether, plaudat unda,
Turba plaudat squamea.

Plaudant silvae, plaudant prata,
Laeta plaudant nemora,
Et quaecunque campis nata,
Laeta plaudant flumina,
Plaudant valles, plaudant montes,
Fontes, flores, germina.

NIGHTS AND CLOUDS, DEPARTING GATHER.

NIGHTS and clouds, departing gather,
Pensive stars, lead ye the way!
Heaven applauding, earth rejoicing,
Lowest depths your honors pay!
Air and ocean praises voicing,
Scaly tribes your offerings lay!

Joyful groves and woods and meadows
With their greetings are replete.
While the fields and gladsome rivers
In congratulations meet;
Their applaudings vales and mountains,
Springs and flowers, loud repeat.

Plaudant rupes et torrentes,
Christo plaudant omnia.
Jacent hostes, jacent postes,
Victa gemunt tartara.
Fracta sera gaudet terra,
Rident patrum agmina !

Rocks and torrents their ovations
Unto Christ exultant swell;
Prostrate lie the hostile armies,
Conquered groan the hosts of hell;
And of earth's redemption happy
Bands of holy fathers tell.

XVII.

O Deus, ego amo te.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

O DEUS, EGO AMO TE.

O DEUS, ego amo te,
Nec amo te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes te
Aeterno punis igne.

Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce,
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,

Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem, et haec propter me,
Ah, pro me peccatore !

O JESUS, LOVE I GIVE TO THEE.

O Jesus, love I give to thee,
Love, not because thou savest me,
Nor that all those rejecting thee
Thou punishest eternally.

Thou, thou, O Jesus, holdest me
Embraced upon the cross with thee,
Thou ignominy sore didst bear,
The nails, the thorns, the cruel spear ;

Of sorrows countless bore the strain,
The bloody sweats, the torturing pain ;
Didst death endure ; and this for me
Sinning 'gainst thee perpetually.

Cur igitur non amem te,
O Jesu amantissime,
Non, ut in coelo salves me,
Aut ne aeternum damnes me !

Nec praemii ullius spe,
Sed sicut tu amasti me?
Sic amo et amabo te
Solum quia rex meus es.

Then, wherefore, should I not love thee?
O Jesus, most beloved by me!
Not that in heaven thou savest me
Nor doom'st me not eternally.

Though hope of no reward there be,
But simply for thy love to me,
So love I, and will still love thee,
For thou alone art King to me!

XVIII.

Altitudo! quid hic jaces.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

ALTITUDO! QUID HIC JACES.

ALTITUDO! quid hic jaces
In tam vili stabulo?
Qui creasti coeli faces,
Alges in praesipio.
O quam mira perpetrasti,
Jesu! propter hominem!
Tam ardenter quem amasti,
Paradiso exulem.

Fortitudo infirmatur,
Parva fit immensitas;
Laboratur, alligatur:
Nascitur aeternitas!

O THOU HIGHEST! WHY WAS GIVEN.

O THOU highest! why was given
 Couch for thee in stable bare?
He who lit the fires of heaven
Doth the frozen manger share.
Oh, what wonders thou achievest,
Jesus, for the human race!
What affection thou conceivest
For the exiles from God's grace!

Fortitude, — its strength is ended,
Small becomes immensity,
On the cross is Christ suspended;
Now is born eternity!

O quam mira perpetrasti,
Jesu, propter hominem !
Tam ardenter quem amasti,
Paradiso exulem.

Premis ubera labellis,
Sed intactae virginis ;
Ploras uvidis ocellis —
Coelum imples gaudiis !
O quam mira perpetrasti,
Jesu, propter hominem,
Tam ardenter quem amasti,
Paradiso exulem !

Oh, what wonders thou achievest,
Jesus, for the human race !
What affection thou conceivest
For the exiles from God's grace !

With thy lips the bosom pressing
Of intact virginity, —
Thou with moist eyes her caressing,
Fillest heaven with joy in thee !
Oh, what wonders thou achievest,
Jesus, for the human race !
What affection thou conceivest
For the exiles from God's grace !

XIX.

Ecquis binas.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

ECQUIS BINAS.

ECQUIS binas
Columbinas
Alas dabit animae,
Ut ad almam
Crucis palmam
Evolet citissime!
In qua Jesus,
Totus laesus,
Nobis dat refugium:
Praesentatis,
Ad hoc gratis,
Quinque plagis vulnerum!

BE THERE GIVEN.

BE there given,
Gracious Heaven,
Wings of dove unto my soul!
Let the holy
Palm of glory,
The cross, ever, be its goal!
Through which Jesus,
Slain to save us,
Openeth a refuge sure;
Freely giving
For all living
The five wounds he suffering bore.

O insignis
Amor ignis
Cor accende frigidum !
O divini
Vis camini
Cor consume carneum !
Fac me tecum
Permanere,
Fac, me te diligere !
Da conjungi,
Da defungi
Tecum, Jesu, vivere !

Per felices
Cicatrices
Precos et per sanguinem !
Perque trucis
Necem crucis :
Fac me tuum militem !

Love excelling,
Christ indwelling,
Melt with fire this icy heart!
Forge consuming,
Heaven illuming,
Incremate my carnal part!
With thee, make me
Live completely,
Make me thee supremely love!
Living with thee,
Dying with thee,
With thee let me live above!

By thy wounding,
Sore abounding,
By thy prayers, and by thy blood,
By thy paining,
Death sustaining,
Bring me to thy fellowhood!

Dum hic certo,
In aperto
Tu corde me insere :
Ut columbam
Gemebundam
Petrae in foramine !

Haec caverna
Sit aeterna
Mei cordis mansio !
Hic quiescam,
Hic senescam,
Hic morando moriar :
Ut supernae
Et paternae
Consors fiam gloriae :
Qui amati
Vulnerati
Non recessi latere !

And as token,
Ne'er unbroken,
Fix me on thy heart alone !
Like dove moaning,
Grief intoning
In her cavity of stone.

This cell ever,
Quitted never,
Be the mansion of my heart !
Here reposing
Through years closing,
May I stay till life depart !
Of supernal
And paternal
Bliss may I a consort be !
The belovéd
By wounds provéd
At his side forever see !

XX.

Phoenix Expirans.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

PHOENIX EXPIRANS.

TANDEM audite me,
Sionis filiae!
Aegram respicite,
Dilecto dicite:
Amore vulneror,
Amore funeror.

Fulcite floribus
Fessam languoribus:
Stipate citreis
Et malis aureis:
Nimis edacibus
Liquesco facibus.

THE DYING PHŒNIX.

HEAR me my plaints repeat,
Daughters of Zion sweet!
Look on this drooping soul,
With loving words condole!
Wounded with love I lie,
And slain by love I die.

Let flowers their strength impart
Unto this wearied heart!
Strew round me citrons cold!
Cover with fruits of gold!
Serving the funeral pyre,
I with its heat expire.

Huc odoriferos,
Huc soporiferos
Ramos depromite ;—
Rogos componite :
Ut phoenix morior,
In flammis orior !

An amor dolor sit :
An dolor amor sit?
Utrumque nescio !
Hoc unum sentio :
Blandus hic dolor est,
Qui meus amor est.

Quid amor crucias?
Aufer inducias !
Suavis tyrannus es :
Momentum annus est :
Tam tarda funera
Tua sunt vulnera !

Bring the sweet-smelling spray,
Plants soporific lay,
Branches for flames expose,
And funeral pyres dispose;
For as the phœnix dies,
I from the flames shall rise.

Whether pain love may be,
Whether love pain may be,
I do not care to know;
This thing alone I know:
Mild is the pain to me,
Sweet is the love to me.

Why, love, dost thou torment?
Show that thou canst relent!
Sweet is thy tyranny;
The years, how swift they flee!
How slow are death's alarms!
How slowly come thy harms!

Jam vitae flumina
Rumpe, O anima!
Ignis ascendere
Gestit, et tendere
Ad coeli atria:
Haec mea patria!

Stretch to the vital goal !
Burst thou thy bonds, O soul !
Flame burning to ascend,
Towards the high to tend,
Soar to the heavenly dome,
To thy paternal home !

XXI.

Parvum quando cerno Deum.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

PARVUM QUANDO CERNO DEUM.

PARVUM quando cerno Deum
Matris inter brachia:
Colliquescit pectus meum
Inter mille gaudia.

Gestit puer, gestit, videns
Tua, mater, ubera:
Puer ille, dum subridens,
Mille figit oscula.

Qualis puro in lucenti
Sol renitet aethere:
Talis puer in lactanti
Matris haeret ubere.

WHEN THE INFANT GOD DISCERNING.

WHEN the infant God discerning
Lying in his mother's arms,
Then my bosom, with love burning
And a thousand raptures, warms.

Leaps the child with joy beholding,
Mother fair, thy yearning breast,
On thy bosom him enfolding
Kisses thousand are impressed.

As the sun in pure air shining
Showeth forth his lustre best,
So the child in rest reclining
Shineth on his mother's breast.

Talis mater speciosa
Pulchra est cum filio :
Qualis est cum molli rosa
Viola cum lilio.

Inter sese tot amores,
Tot alternant spicula :
Quot in pratis fulgent flores,
Quot in coelo sidera.

O si una ex sagittis,
Dulcis O puerule,
Quas in matris pectus mittis,
In me cadat, Jesule !

All the mother's charms more brightly
Glow through beauties of her son,
As the rose and lily sightly
Borrow beauties one from one.

They, with kisses hours consuming,
Interchange their shafts of love,
Countless as the field-flowers blooming,
Or as stars in heaven above.

Of the love-beams thou art lancing,
Holy child ! into the breast
Of thy mother, would that glancing
One might in my bosom rest !

XXII.

Ite moesti Cordis Luctus.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

ITE MOESTI CORDIS LUCTUS.

ITE moesti cordis luctus,
Tristes ite gemitus,
Lachrymarum ite fluctus,
Et ciete fremitus !
Corpus totum, os et genae,
Oculorum lumina,
Membra, sanguis, cor et venae
Abeant in flumina !

Nam aeterni natus patris,
Veri proles numinis,
Idem homo natus matris,
Illibatae virginis :
Post immanes cruciatus,
Scommatis affligitur,
Diris flagris laniatur,
In crucem configitur.

WAKE MY SAD HEART'S DEEP EMOTION.

WAKE my sad heart's deep emotion !
Wake its moans and wake its sighs !
Be my tears a briny ocean,
Let it into billows rise !
All my body, mouth, cheeks blushing,
Lights that in my eyes do glow,
Limbs, heart, blood in veins swift rushing,
Into swelling rivers flow !

For the Son of the most Holy,
Offspring of Divinity,
Man, too, born of mother lowly,
Of unsoiled virginity :
He exposed to all affliction,
Scoffs responding to each sigh,
Bearing scourges' dire infliction,
Bound is on the cross to die.

Caput spinis cruentatur,
Flagris livent brachia :
Vultus sputis defoedatur :
Caesa tument labia ;
Sacrae manus perforantur :
Artus hiant vulnere :
Clavis pedes terebrantur :
Corpus tumet ulcere.

Jesu ! nostra qui portare
Voluisti vulnera ;
Qui dignatus es sanare
Nostri cordis ulcera :
Dona nobis, hoc precamur !
His in terris gratiam :
Ut post mortem consequamur
Sempiternam gloriam !

See, with thorns his brow is bleeding,
Black his arms with scourgings fell,
Drops the foam from mouth unheeding,
The parched lips with anguish swell;
See the sacred hands are piercéd,
Yawning wounds their bleedings pour,
See the feet with nails transfixéd,
The whole body swollen, sore!

Jesus, who, with love enduring,
Of our suffering bear'st a part,
Thou disdaining not the curing
Of all sorrows of the heart,
Give this boon to us imploring, —
Grace while we on earth remain,
That life ended, we adoring
Bliss eternal may attain!

XXIII.

Cur relinquis Deus Coelum?

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

CUR RELINQUIS DEUS COELUM?

CUR relinquis Deus coelum,
Et in terrae venis coenum?
An exspectas hic amores?
Nescit mundus te amare!
An requiris hic honores?
Nescit mundus honorare,
In maligno positus!

Bethlem monstrat mundi mores:
Quando tibi claudit fores,
Et ad antrum cogit ire,
Quod vix pecus vult subire:
Quia circum cuncta patent,
Et nec pecus damna latent,
Quae dat casa pervia.

GOD, WHY LEAV'ST THOU HEAVEN HOLY?

GOD, why leav'st thou heaven holy?
Why descend to foul earth lowly?
Dost thou hope for earth's devotion?
Earth for thee hath no emotion!
Dost expect earth's adoration?
Earth ignores all veneration,
Sunken in its fallen state!

Beth'lem showed earth's malice towards thee
When it closed its doors against thee,
Made thee seek the cave for dwelling,
Whither came the flocks unwilling,
All things open, all revealing,
Naught from harm the flocks concealing,
In the shed exposed and bare.

Jesu, qui in casa friges,
Omnibusque membris riges ;
Fuge patens ventis tectum,
Madidumque nive lectum :
En me totum do in lectum,
Et cor meum do in tectum,
Quo quiescas melius !

Te vult meum cor amare,
Et amando basiare,
Basiando honorare,
Honorando exaltare :
Ratos habe hos honores,
Ratos habe hos amores !
Nam ex corde profluunt.

Ardet meum cor amore,
Huic fovebit te calore :
Tuque me fovebis magis,
Et amore inflammabis :

Jesus, thou in cavern frigid,
All thy limbs with numbness rigid,
Fly the wind-intruding dwelling,
The bed damp with snow repelling;
Let thy couch be my affection,
And my heart thy sole protection!
In it rest thou peacefully!

For full love my heart is yearning,
Loving give I kisses burning,
With my kisses, adoration,
With adorings, exaltation;
True, sincere are my adorings,
True, sincere are these love-pourings,
For they issue from my heart!

Burns my heart with love unto thee,
May thine own be fostered by me,
Let our loves together flourish!
Mine with thy enflaming nourish!

Nam es amor et es ignis,
Qui inflammas sine lignis
Corda te amantium.

Eia ! veni ignis, Deus !
Eia ! veni amor meus :
Subi cordis mei tectum,
Ubi stravit amor lectum,
Quo nos simul quiescamus,
Et aeterna diligamus
Mutuis amoribus !

Thou art love and fire inspiring,
Who inflamest hearts desiring
Fuller, deeper love for thee.

Come, O Christ, with fire inspiring
Quicken my dull flame expiring,
Be my heart thy sure protection!
Let love have full delectation,
May we thus in peace reposing
Mutually our loves disclosing
Contemplate eternal things!

XXIV.

O Domine Deus![1]

[1] Attributed on doubtful authority to Mary Queen of Scots, *b.* A.D. 1542.

O DOMINE DEUS!

O DOMINE deus!
Speravi in te;
O care mi Jesu!
Nunc libera me:
In dura catena,
In misera poena,
Desidero te;
Languendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo
Adoro, imploro,
Ut liberes me!

O LORD! DIVINE MASTER!

O Lord ! divine Master !
I 've trusted in thee.
Oh my beloved Jesus,
Now liberate me :
In fetters enchaining,
In misery paining,
I 'm yearning for thee ;
With longing unending,
I, on my knees bending,
Adoring, imploring,
Cry, liberate me !

XXV.

Plaudite, Coeli!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

PLAUDITE, COELI!

PLAUDITE, coeli!
Rideat aether!
Summus et imus
Gaudeat orbis!
Transivit atrae
Turba procellae:
Subiit almae
Gloria palmae!

Surgite verni,
Surgite flores,
Germina pictis
Surgite campis:
Teneris mixtae
Violis rosae:
Candida sparsis
Lilia calthis!

SHOUT, YE HIGH HEAVENS!

SHOUT, ye high heavens!
And laugh, O ye skies!
Earth, high and lowest,
Rejoicing arise!
Soar ye black storm-clouds,
Fast dropping with rain!
Wave, palms, with glory,
O'er valley and plain!

Come, ye days vernal!
Awake, all ye flowers!
Spread your cups painted
In fields or in bowers!
Cowslips and lilies,
With violet and rose,
From vale and from meadow
Your beauties disclose!

Currite plenis,
Carmina venis !
Fundite laetum,
Barbytha metrum :
Namque revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illaesus
Funere Jesus !

Plaudite montes !
Ludite fontes !
Resonent valles,
Repetunt colles :
" Io revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illaesus
Funere Jesus ! "

Sound with full volume,
Ye voices of song!
Lyres, loud with rapture,
The measures prolong!
Jesus hath broken,
As he hath spoken,
Scathless, triumphant,
The bonds of the grave!

Shout, O ye mountains!
Lift, fountains, your spray!
Hills, vales resounding,
All welcome the day!
Jesus hath broken,
As he hath spoken,
Scathless, triumphant,
The bonds of the grave!